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# MARVEL TEAM-UP™ FEATURING **SPIDER-MAN® AND DR. STRANGE®**

**DEATH CARDS  
AND SILVER  
DAGGERS!**



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STAN LEE PRESENTS: **SPIDEY AND DR. STRANGE DO TOGETHER!**

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# IF NOT FOR LOVE...

THE TAROT: TEN CARDS, PULLED FROM A DECK OF SEVENTY-EIGHT, LAID OUT IN A CELTIC CROSS.

IN THE HANDS OF A CHARLATAN, THEY'RE MERELY CARDS, PIECES OF PAINTED PLASTIC, BUT IN THE HANDS OF ONE WHO KNOWS AND RESPECTS THE FORCES BEHIND THEM, THEY CAN BE WINDOWS ON THE FUTURE, GATEWAYS TO A MAN'S SOUL.

SPIDEY KNOWS LITTLE OF THE TAROT AND CARES LESS AS HE SWINGS ACROSS WASHINGTON SQUARE, INTENT ON TAKING THIS SATURDAY NIGHT OFF AND ENJOYING HIMSELF, FOR ONCE. TO HIM, THE TAROT IS A PARLOR GAME, AND IF THE CARDS' PREDICTIONS ARE ACCURATE, IT'S COINCIDENCE—NO MORE, NO LESS.

BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BECAUSE FOR THE MOMENT, THIS LAYOUT DOESN'T CONCERN HIM.

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THE CARDS WERE  
THROWN BY  
DR. STRANGE...

...WHO IN THE LAST FEW  
MINUTES, HAS BECOME  
A VERY WORRIED MAN.

SPIDER-MAN?!

NO GOOD,  
HE MUST BE  
WRAPPED  
UP IN HIS OWN  
THOUGHTS --  
HE DIDN'T  
HEAR ME.

ODD THAT HE  
SHOULD BE PASSING  
BY JUST NOW.

ODDER STILL THAT I SHOULD  
CALL OUT TO HIM. THIS  
READING MUST HAVE UPSET  
ME MORE THAN I THOUGHT.

THE CARDS ARRIVED  
THIS MORNING, SPECIAL  
DELIVERY, WITH NO  
RETURN ADDRESS. AN  
ANCIENT DECK,  
HEAVILY CHARGED  
WITH POWER.

I HAVEN'T LAID  
OUT A TAROT IN YEARS.  
BUT FROM THE MOMENT  
I TOUCHED THESE  
CARDS...

...I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. I SENSE ARCANE  
FORCES AT WORK, BUT SOMETHING'S CLOUDING MY  
PERCEPTION, SMOTHERING ME IN A PSYCHIC FOG...

STEPHEN...?

NM?  
OH-- YES,  
Clea?

NOTHING, REALLY-- IT'S JUST THAT  
YOU'VE CLOSETED YOURSELF HERE  
IN YOUR STUDY ALL DAY...

...SO I THOUGHT  
I'D COME REMIND  
YOU OF THE  
EARTHLY SAYING...

...ALL WORK  
AND NO  
PLAY...

NOT  
NOW, CLEA,  
I'M BUSY.

I AM STILL YOUR DISCIPLE, STEPHEN. AND I  
THOUGHT YOU HAD PROMISED NEVER TO  
EXCLUDE ME FROM YOUR WORK AGAIN.

I SEE  
I WAS  
MISTAKEN.

CLEA,  
I'M  
SORRY  
I--

SHE LEAVES IN A FURY, STRANGE FOLLOWING--  
WHILE BEHIND THEM, MANIATROD, THE CRYSTAL  
ORE OF AGAMOTTO BEGINS TO GLOW.

MEANWHILE, A FEW BLOCKS DOWN THE STREET...

...WE FIND ONE OF OUR HEROES TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A GREENWICH VILLAGE BACK ALLEY TO DO A FAMILIAR QUICK-CHANGE ACT.

FUNNY, THE WAY MY SPIDER-SENSE CUT LOOSE A MINUTE AGO.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A FALSE ALARM, THOUGH, BECAUSE NOTHING WAS HAPPENING.

WHICH SUITS ME FINE. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I TREATED MYSELF TO A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.

THIS  
IS FOR  
PARKING  
AT ANY  
TIME

IN FACT, IF I READ ONE MORE PAGE OF NOTES OR WRITE ONE MORE TERM PAPER, I THINK I'LL FLIP OUT!

SO LOOK OUT, WORLD! TONIGHT BELONGS TO PETER PARKER! AND IT'S GOING TO BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER!

MEANWHILE... IT HELPED WHEN I REMINDED HER THAT-- EVEN THOUGH I AM MASTER OF MYSTIC ARTS-- I AM ALSO A MAN...

...AND MEN, OCCASIONALLY, ARE ABSENT-MINDED.

NOW FOR THE TAROT LAYOUT-- JUSTICE CROSSED BY THE THREE OF SWORDS. A BALANCE RESTORED, THE MAGICIAN HAVING OVERCOME THE HIEROPHANT, INVERTED.

THE MAGICIAN IS ME, BUT WHO DOES THE HIEROPHANT REPRESENT?

THE THREE OF SWORDS MEANS THAT WHILE ONE BALANCE HAS BEEN RESTORED, ANOTHER HAS BEEN UPSET...

THE ORB GLOWS BRIGHTER NOW, BUT DR. STRANGE DOES NOT NOTICE...

...AS A FEW BLOCKS AWAY,  
NEAR ABINGDON SQUARE,  
OUR THIRD PLAYER MAKES  
HER ENTRANCE.

IT'S BEEN A KILLER  
WEEK FOR CAROL  
DANVERS THIS KIND  
WHEN NOTHING GOES  
RIGHT.

LATELY, SHE AND JONAH JAMESON HAVE  
BEEN ARGUING MORE AND MORE OVER  
"WOMAN" MAGAZINE'S EDITORIAL POLICY.  
AND THOUGH CAROL HAS BEEN WINNING  
ALL THE BATTLES, SHE HAS THE NAGGING  
FEELING SHE'S LOSING THE WAR.

THIRTY HOURS  
OF WORK WITHOUT  
A BREAK--BUT AT  
LEAST THIS ISSUE OF  
"WOMAN" IS  
ON ITS WAY TO  
THE PRINTERS.

BY HALA,  
THERE HAS TO  
BE AN EASIER  
WAY TO MAKE  
A LIVING.

ALL I WANT NOW IS A HOT BATH, AND...

MOVE IT,  
HONEYBUNCH!

HEY!!

FALLING TOWARDS  
THAT MAN--CAN'T  
TWIST OUT OF  
HIS WAY!

MISS,  
WATCH OUT--!  
WHOOOEE!

ARE YOU WELL, MISS? THAT WAS A NASTY FALL.

WONG!  
DR. STRANGE'S  
MANSERVANT!\*

I'M... AH, FINE. THANK YOU.  
SORRY ABOUT THE COLLISION.  
SOME CLOWN ON THE BUS  
PUSHED ME.

MY NAME IS WONG, BUT YOU NEED  
NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH...

WHAT A  
MESS.  
I REALLY AM  
SORRY, MR...

DON'T BE SILLY.  
THE LEAST  
I CAN DO IS HELP  
YOU PICK UP YOUR  
GROCERIES.

\* THEY MET AFTER DEFENDER 9057--BOB.

AHEAD OF ME, I FACE THE TEN OF SWORDS--MORTAL CONFLICT--THE THREE OF CUPS INDICATES I WILL NOT FACE IT ALONE.

"...AND I WILL LOSE THAT WHICH I HOLD MOST DEAR."

AND THE AIR--SUDDENLY IT REEKS OF...EVIL. WHY DOESN'T STEPHEN NOTICE?

YET, THE CARD OF THE HIGH PRIESTESS--INVERTED--WARNED THAT MY STRUGGLE WILL BE FUTILE...

HE'S STILL HARD AT WORK. HE SAID HE WOULDN'T BE LONG, BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS...

...HE'LL BE BUSY ALL NIGHT.

ODD. HIS STUDY IS DEATHLY COLD.

WHAT'S THAT LIGHT? NO!

STEPHEN--BEHIND YOU! THE ORB OF AGAMOTTO!!

**STEPHEN!**

DEMONS OF DENAK!!

A DEMON FORM, ERUPTING OUT OF THE ORB! ATTACKING ME AND CLEA!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE ORB IS A TOOL, ITS ACTIONS DIRECTED SOLELY BY ME. IT CAN NO MORE TURN ON ME THAN I CAN TURN ON MYSELF.

UNNNGNH!

IMPOSSIBLE OR  
NOT, IT'S  
HAPPENING!

A MASTERFUL ATTACK. I'LL  
ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE TO  
COUNTER IT!

BY THE WISDOM OF  
OSHTUR--  
BY THE CURSE OF  
WATOOOMB--  
LET THE FORCES WHICH  
THREATEN  
NOW KNOW ONLY DOOM!



ECTOPLASMIC  
TENTACLES ARE  
HITTING ME LIKE  
STEEL BARS, KEEPING  
ME OFF-BALANCE  
PHYSICALLY...

... WHILE THE  
MONSTER'S  
PSYCHIC  
CLAWS TEAR AT  
MY MIND!

NAME OF A NAME--  
MY SPELL HAD NO  
EFFECT!

STEPHEN-- IT'S  
CRUSHING ME! NO!  
MY SOUL-- IT'S  
STEALING  
MY SOUL!!



... HIS BEING TORN ASUNDER  
AS THE TELEPATHIC RAP-  
PORT HE SHARES WITH  
HIS DISCIPLE TRANSMITS  
HER AGONY TO HIM.



HE FEELS CLEA'S SOUL  
UNANCHORED FROM HER,  
LEAVING HER HOLLOW  
AND WORSE THAN DEAD.

IT'S MORE PAIN THAN  
THE MIND OF MAN  
CAN COMPREHEND.  
MORE THAN EVEN A  
MASTER OF THE  
MYSTIC ARTS CAN  
STAND.

I WONDER HOW DOC IS? PITY I CAN'T ASK WONG ABOUT HIM WITHOUT RISKING MY SECRET IDENTITY.

ALMOST DONE, WONG. LUCKILY NOTHING WAS BROKEN.

I AM GRATEFUL FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE, MISS DANVERS.

WONG...

CLEA...ME ATTACKED... COME QUICKLY, WONG! HELP UUUUUU...

MASTER...

WHAT THE--?

THAT CRY-- WONG SOUNDED TERRIFIED. AND NOW HE'S RUNNING OFF AND LEAVING HIS GROCERIES.

A MINUTE LATER, NOT FAR AWAY...

HEY!--YOU ALMOST RAN INTO ME! THIS IS A SIDEWALK, NOT A DEMOLITION DERBY! ISN'T IT...?

HE ISN'T EVEN SLOWING DOWN.

WAIT A MINUTE-- I KNOW THAT GUY!

IT'S WONG, DOC STRANGE'S BUTLER.

AND DOWN THE STREET-- THAT'S DOC'S HOUSE.

UH-OH! MY SPIDEY-SENSE JUST KICKED INTO HIGH GEAR.

SOMETHING TELLS ME MY NIGHT ON THE TOWN IS ABOUT TO BITE THE DUST.

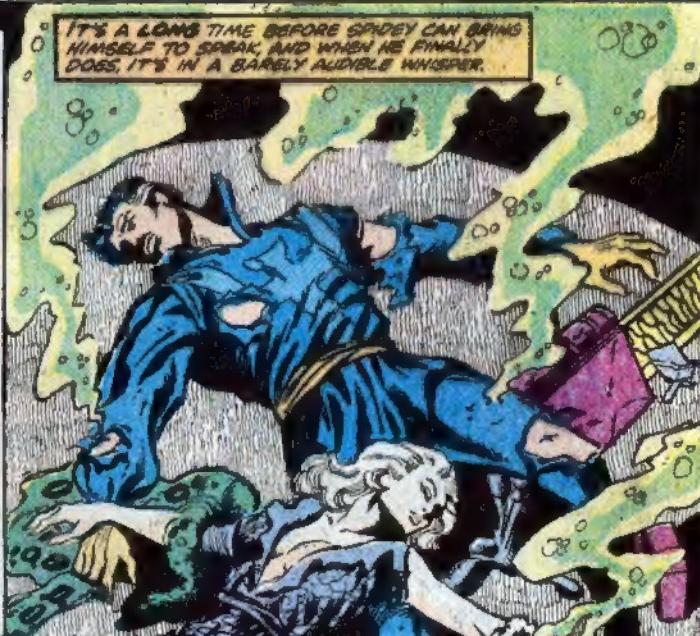


IF I REMEMBER  
RIGHT, THIS SHOULD  
BE DOC'S INNER  
SANCTUM.

WONG--  
DOC?!  
IT'S  
SPIDER-  
MAN. IS  
EVERYTHI---

--OH,  
MY GOD.

IT'S A LONG TIME BEFORE SPIDEY CAN BRING  
HIMSELF TO SPEAK, AND WHEN HE FINALLY  
DOES, IT'S IN A BARELY AUDIBLE WHISPER.



I DO NOT  
KNOW, SPIDER-  
MAN. I HEARD  
SCREAMS IN MY  
MIND, FROM BOTH  
MY MASTER AND  
MISS CLEA.

AND THEN,  
SUDDENLY--  
NOTHING.



DO I KNOW YOU, LADY?

THE COSTUME'S CHANGED, MY FRIEND, BUT NOT THE WOMAN WEARING IT, OR HAVE YOU SO QUICKLY FORGOTTEN--

DO MS. MARVEL?



AFTER ALL, HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE REALLY SPIDER-MAN?

POINT TAKEN, MS. M.

C'MON, LET'S SEE TO DOC.

BUT BEFORE EITHER HERO CAN MAKE A MOVE...

W-WONG...?

ARE YOU... THERE...?  
I NEED YOUR... HELP...

MASTER!

TAKE DOC INTO THE NEXT ROOM, SPIDEY  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF CLEA.

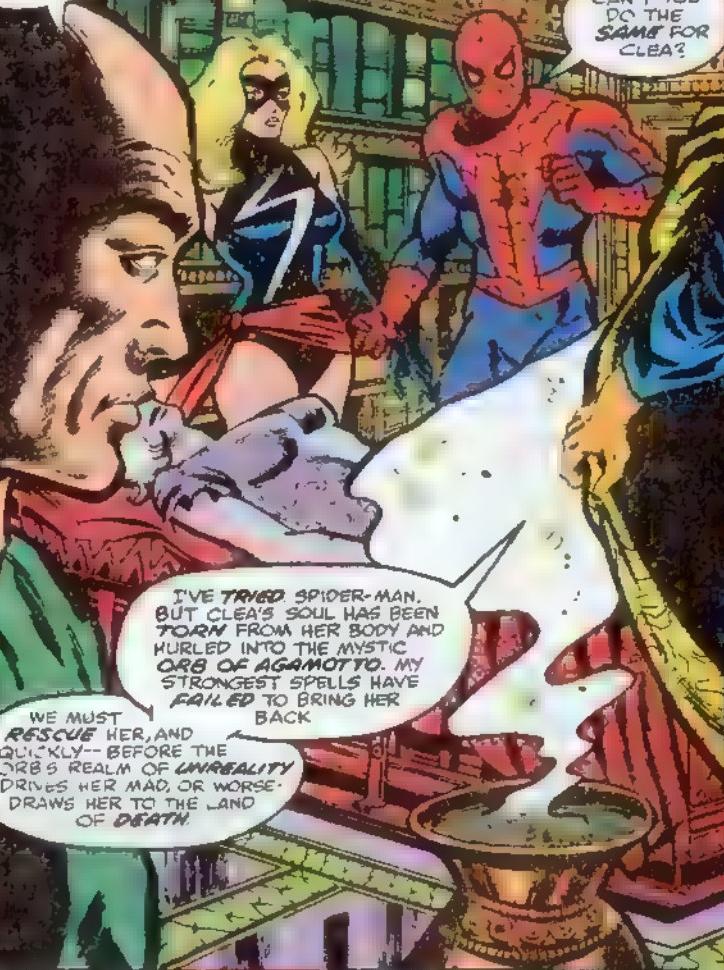
LATER .

MASTER YOU  
SHOULD NOT  
BE ON YOUR  
FEET! YOU  
WERE NEAR  
DEATH--:

WITH CLEA'S LIFE AT STAKE,  
FAITHFUL ONE, I DARE NOT  
TAKE THE TIME NEEDED FOR  
A NATURAL RECOVERY.

THE SPELL OF REJUVENATION  
HAS RESTORED MY STRENGTH--  
THOUGH WHEN IT WEARS OFF  
IN A DAY OR TWO I'LL PROBABLY  
WISH I'D STAYED IN BED.

CAN T YOU  
DO THE  
SAME FOR  
CLEA?



I'VE TRIED SPIDER-MAN,  
BUT CLEA'S SOUL HAS BEEN  
TORN FROM HER BODY AND  
HURLED INTO THE MYSTIC  
ORB OF AGAMOTTO. MY  
STRONGEST SPELLS HAVE  
FAILED TO BRING HER  
BACK.

WE MUST  
RESCUE HER, AND  
QUICKLY-- BEFORE THE  
ORBS REALM OF UNREALITY  
DRIVES HER MAD, OR WORSE.  
DRAWS HER TO THE LAND  
OF DEATH.

THE TAROT CARDS  
WARNED ME OF THIS.  
WE MUST FIND WHOEVER  
SENT THEM. OUR ONLY  
CLUE IS THE POSTMARK  
ON THE BOX-- THEY  
WERE MAILED IN  
NEW ORLEANS.

I WISH YOU LUCK  
DOC, BUT I THINK  
YOU'D BETTER  
COUNT ME OUT.

I'M JUST A  
NEIGHBORHOOD WALL-  
CRAWLER--

REMARKABLE!

I WILL NOT  
FORCE YOU  
SPIDER-MAN

BUT.. THE  
WOMAN I  
LOVE IS  
DYING, AND  
I NEED  
YOUR HELP  
TO SAVE  
HER.

PLEASE  
MY  
FRIEND.

AH...  
OKAY, DOC.  
COUNT  
ME IN.

THE MYSTIC MAGE  
GESTURES AND--  
IN A SILENT  
PUFF OF SMOKE--  
THE THREE OF  
THEM ARE...

GONE

CHAPTER  
2

# DEATH WAITS AT BAYOU DIABLE!

BOURBON STREET, IN NEW ORLEANS' FADED FRENCH QUARTER. IT'S SAID YOU CAN FIND THE BEST JAZZ IN THE WORLD HERE, AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THAT'S STILL TRUE.

BUT THESE DAYS, THE JAZZ CLUBS SHARE THE STREET WITH CHEAP BARS AND MONKEY-TONK DISCOS. AN ATMOSPHERE FRAUGHT WITH OLD WORLD MYSTERY NOW REEKS OF HOME-GROWN SLEAZE, AND NO ONE SEEMS ABLE TO STOP IT.

NONE OF THE TOURISTS CROWDING THE STREET SEEM TO MIND, THOUGH. TO THEM, THIS IS A MAGIC TIME AND PLACE.

UH, DOC--IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL AN UNOBTRUSIVE ARRIVAL?

MY APOLOGIES, SPIDER-MAN.

AND, IN A WAY, TONIGHT THEY'RE ANYONE.

A SIMPLE ENCHANTMENT WILL ERASE THEIR MEMORIES OF US...

...AND WILL ALSO CLOAK US IN MORE... APPROPRIATE GUISES.

BILLY, LOOK! THOSE PEOPLE JUST POPPED OUT OF THIN AIR!

LORIE, THAT'S SPIDER-MAN! LET'S GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!

FOR THE MOMENT, THE FEWER WHO RECOGNIZE YOU, THE BETTER.

WHICH WAY NOW, DOC?

A MOMENT,  
PLEASE.  
THERE I  
THINK I'VE  
GOT IT--  
YES!

AN ASTRAL  
ENERGY DRIVE,  
STANDING OUT IN  
MY MIND LIKE A  
SUPER-HIGHWAY.

WHOEVER  
SENT THE  
TAROT DECK  
IS MAKING IT  
VERY EASY  
FOR US TO  
FIND THEM.

THE TRAIL LEADS SOUTH  
AWAY FROM THE CITY,  
DEEP INTO THE BEYOND  
COUNTRY THAT LINES  
THE RIVER.  
UNTIL...

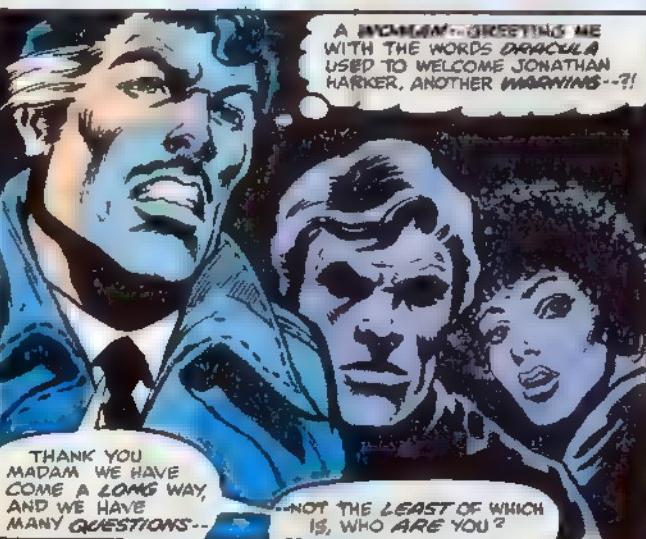
WITH DOC IN THE LEAD, THEY STEP  
ACROSS THE ROTTING PORCH  
AND PUSH THROUGH THE  
FRONT DOOR.

ONLY TO BE STOPPED  
DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS  
BY WHAT THEY FIND INSIDE

WELCOME,  
STEPHEN  
STRANGE.



A WOMAN-- GREETING ME  
WITH THE WORDS DRACULA  
USED TO WELCOME JONATHAN  
HARKER. ANOTHER MORNING--?!



I AM MARIE  
LA VEAU, BORDE-  
REGG, CALLED BY  
THOSE WHO  
KNOW ME  
WELL--

THE  
WITCH-  
QUEEN  
OF NEW  
ORLEANS.



INTERLODE...

SURROUND THE SHACK, MY BROTHERS!

AND IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES AND SOULS, MAKE NOT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND!

YOU THOUGHT HIM TRAPPED FOREVER, BUT YOU WERE WRONGS.



YOU FORGOT THAT WHAT THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO KNOWS, THE ORB KNOWS-- AND WHAT THE ORB KNOWS, ALL WITHIN IT KNOW.

SILVER DAGGER REMAINED HELPERS UNTIL A FEW WEEKS AGO, WHEN THE EYE WAS STOLEN BY THE CULT OF THE HARVESTERS OF EYES.

BUT WHILE THE EYE WAS BEING USED AS THE GATEWAY, IT-- AND THE ORB-- WERE FLOODED WITH THE TOTALITY OF THAT DEMON RACE'S ELDritch LORE.

AND WITHIN THE ORB WAS A MAN WHOSE OCCULT SKILL RIVALS YOURS, WHOSE ENTIRE BEING IS CONSUMED BY ONE THOUGHT: VENGEANCE.



AS YOU YOURSELF SAID, SILVER DAGGER IS A MAN OF LEARNING. IN THIS CASE, HE HAS LEARNED SUPREMELY WELL.

"THEY USED IT AS A GATEWAY TO BRING AN ANCIENT DEMON RACE BACK TO EARTH. YOU AND THE DEFENDERS FOUGHT THE CULT, DR. STRANGE...



"...AND, IN THE END, REGAINED THE EYE, SEALING THE GATEWAY AND PREVENTING THE DAY OF XENOGENESIS."

"SEE DEFENDERS '85 50-50 --BOB."

I'M STILL PUZZLED, MADAME LAVABE-- WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?

THE ORB IS HIS TO COMMAND, AND CLEA IS HIS PRISONER.

SELF-INTEREST, MAGE.  
ONCE DAGGER SLAYS THE SORCERER SUPREME, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE HE COMES FOR ME.

OF COURSE.

SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH,  
YET I'M SURE--SOMEHOW,  
SOMewhere--SHE'S LYING.  
THERE ARE WHEELS TURNING  
WITHIN WHEELS HERE, AND  
ALL OF THEM BEsPEAK  
DEADLY DANGER.



AND, IF I READ THE TAROT  
LAYOUT CORRECTLY, ONE  
THING MORE--BETRAYAL.



CLEA!!



THE SHIATRA BOOK IS SUPPOSEDLY THE OLDEST OCCULT TOME IN CREATION. LEGEND SAYS THAT THE NECRONOMICON IS ITSELF DERIVED FROM A SMALL PART OF THE SHIATRA LORE.

LEGEND ALSO SAYS THE LORE IS EVIL.

SHE MAKES IT SOUND SO EASY AND SO SAFE. BUT WHERE THE SHIATRA LORE IS CONCERNED, I CAN AFFORD NO MISTAKES.

I WISH THERE WERE SOME OTHER WAY.

WELL, MAGE, WILL YOU ACCEPT MY AID?

WHEN I KNOW YOUR PRICE.

WHAT IS EVIL, MAGE? THE SHIATRA LORE IS POWER—NO MORE, NO LESS. IT CAN BE USED FOR EVIL, OR FOR GOOD. THAT DEPENDS SOLELY ON THE SORCERER WHO WIELDS IT.

CONSIDERING WHAT IS AT STAKE, MY FRIEND, DOES THE PRICE REALLY MATTER?

PERHAPS NOT.

THEN LET US BE GONE!

PREPARE YOURSELF, STEPHEN STRANGE, TO LEARN THAT WHICH IS KNOWN TO ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON ON EARTH!

HMM-???

DOC!! HE'S OUT GOLD! HE MUST HAVE SENT HIS ASTRAL FORM OUT FOR A STROLL.

I GUESS HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE INSTANT HE FADED, MY SPIDEY-SENSE KICKED INTO HIGH GEAR! WE'RE ON OUR OWN, MS. MARVEL, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT SCARES ME.

THE ROOM AROUND THEM FALLS SILENT, ITS SHADOWS BLACK AND IMPENETRABLE, WHILE OUTSIDE, THEIR WEAPONS GLEAMING IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE UNSEEN SKUNKS PREPARE TO STRIKE.

IF I'M TO LIVE... **MY LOVE MUST DIE!**